

Even even even if a shape
If a dry fresco
Smoky yellow mixed with what is left behind

She's a hero dressed in steel
Arrived on the land in the
Aviary of my early mind
What I gather is a lot of wings I gathered
What I didn't know is how so bright
How dazzling is
How angel

In the new room
I wondered if they were gone
But the light's on
Visitations can be overwhelming
Wings fly wall to wall

Creature creature grow more vividly than before
Loosed of construction and changes sides flip the chair
Like the scene fifteen seconds years all stop the door
I'm so illogical when she comes and spoke
Flying paint flakes and the rot
Fear of drowning takes over the simple face
I once touched the simple face